The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

The Lesson of the Day.

THERE, mamma, all my precious flowers
Are covered up with snow;
They bloomed through all the summer hours
And then I loved them so;

My story books I laid aside,
My dolls and tea-set too;
I did not care to walk or ride,
But just to sit with you

And watch the butterflies and bees
So busy all the day,
While wafted on the cooling breeze
Came the sweet smell of hay.

Now all are gone, the trees are bare,
And earth is robed in white,
But then I like the frosty air
One feels so gay and light.

I like to play out in the snow,
And coasting is real fun;
I shall have time to skate, you know,
After my school is done.

And if the storm should rage without
And beat upon our dwelling,
We'll then beguile the evening hours
By songs and story telling.

But we must not forget the poor,
The homeless and the sad;
We'll give them freely of our store
And make their hearts so glad;

Perhaps the fire has burned their home,
They may be orphans too;
Oh, mamma! when such troubles come,
What can poor children do?

A. S. T.

Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

For the Myrtle.

Dykie Vane.

A STORY IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

VII.

WALTER sat alone in the office, thinking of what Kate had said about spoiling Dyke.

"He does put on a great many airs, little snipe, and is quite dandyish in his dress, but as long as he is not extravagant, that won't hurt him any; think I must give him a hint about the other, however."

The boy soon came in, his hands full of letters, his eyes sparkling and his cheeks glowing with the cold and exercise.

"Dyke," said Walter, "you have been with us nearly two years, and during that time I think you have hardly done a thing that needed reproof. The first of January your salary will be doubled, and with four hundred a year you will be quite a gentleman. What do your former friends say to your prosperity?"

Dyke thought of Tom; he was the only "former friend" who would care anything about it, and instead of looking frankly into Walter's face as he had always done, he very intently watched the cinders drop out of the grate. Walter watched him as intently.

"Don't forget that money and clothes, and the bow I saw you practising before the office mirror, are not all that make a gentleman. (Oh, how Dyke blushed!) A man is never so much

of a gentleman as when he is as polite to the poor and rough as he is to the polite and polished."

"Oh, dear! he means Tom," thought Dyke.

Walter continued:

"You could not do anything that would injure you in my estimation more than would slighting one of your old acquaintances simply because he is poor, and you are prosperous."

"But—Mr. Walter—I truly thought Tom did not know I saw him, and the cart is so dirty!" interrupted Dyke eagerly.

Walter laughed loudly.

"Then I was right, you have done so."

"I thought Tom had told you," answered Dyke sheepishly.

"No one but my sister has told me anything, and she thought I was spoiling you," replied Walter.

Nothing more was said at that time, but the next morning Walter happened to go to the office a little earlier than usual, and from a short distance saw Dyke jump off from a coal cart, make his very best bow to the driver, and even turn and wave his cap when the team turned the corner.

"Ah, that is Tom. Dyke is all right, after all," thought Walter.

"What a ninny I am!" had been Dykie's conclusion, as he thought over Walter's words, and remembered Tom's honest face and kind heart. "I won't sleep till I've seen him," he added, and told his mother that he was going to call on Tom that evening.

"Why, you have not been to see him since we moved; what is your idea of going now?" asked Mrs. Vane.

"Mother, I have been walking with my eyes shut, and now I have got them open, and that I must see Tom is the consequence."

Mrs. Vane understood, and said no more.

Tom was in the stable, cleaning and feeding the horse, when Dyke suddenly stood before him, holding out his hand and saying,

"Good evening, old fellow; how are you?"

"Dykie! why darn me, I never thought to see you here agin'. I tell you this does me good, boy. I've seen you on the street a number of times, but you was allers in such a hurry that you didn't see me, and I was childish enough to think that perhaps you was growd too proud to speak to me."

"O Tom, I was a great fool. I did feel so, but I know better now, and came down here purposely to ask your forgiveness," and Dyke clasped Tom's great, black hand in both of his, and big tears stood in his black eyes, as he realized by Tom's manner how much Tom had missed him.

"Bless your heart, my dear boy, I haint nothin' to forgive. I did feel kind of lonesome like, but when I remembered how you was prosp'ring, I felt better about it."

"I shall come down here to-morrow morning, so as to ride up with you, Tom. You go to the head of the street that our office is on. Yes I shall. I want to prove to myself that I am no longer such a vain, silly fool," said Dyke when he bade Tom good night.

That is how it happened that Dyke was a little late, and so accidentally, as it were, got himself re-established in Walter's good graces.

As years passed on, Dyke arose to be head clerk in the office of Graves & Son, and earned money enough to buy a pretty cottage in the outskirts of the city, where he lives in peace and happiness with his parents.

His aim is still to be a gentleman, but his ideal is very different from that formed when he was a little ragged boy in Miss Brown's school. He has learned in the school of life that gentlemanliness is only another name for Christianity, and as his model used to be Walter Graves, so now does he try to imitate the example of Jesus. Though Dykie's life has not all been sunlight and prosperity, yet the clouds of misfortune have never made him anything but the same generous, impulsive, kind-hearted DYKIE VANE.

Eva Miller.

The High Tide.

"MOTHER, dear, what is the water saying?
Mother, dear, why does the wild sea roar?"
Cry the children, on the white sand playing,
On the white sand, half a mile from shore.
"Little ones, I fear a storm is growing,
Come away! Oh, let us hasten home!"
Calls the mother; and the wind is blowing,
Flashing up a million eyes of foam.

"Mother, see our footprints as we follow!
Mother, dear, what crawls along before?"
Creeping round and round, through creek and hollow,
Runs the tide between them and the shore.
"Hasten!" cries the mother, forward flying,
"Hasten, or we perish; 'tis the tide!"
Led by her, affrighted now and crying,
Fly the children, barefoot, at her side.

"Mother, dear, the sea is coming after!
Mother, 'tis between us and the land?"

Looking back, they see the waves with laughter
Wash their little shoes from off the sand.
"Quicker!" screams the mother, "quicker, quicker!"
Fast they fly before the sullen sound.
Step by step the mother's heart grows sicker,
Inch by inch the sea creeps round and round.

"Mother, in the water we are wading,
Mother, it grows deeper as we go!"
"Hasten, children, hasten—day is fading—
Higher creeps the tide so black and slow."
Nay, but at each step the waves grow deeper;
"Turn this way!" but there 'tis deeper still—
Still the sea breathes like a drunken sleeper—
Still the foam crawls, and the wind blows shrill.

"Mother, there is land, all green and dry land,
Grass upon it growing, and a tree!"
A promontory turned into an island,
Upsprings there in the ever-rising sea.
"Mother, 'tis so deep and we are dripping!
Mother, we are sinking! Haste, oh, haste!"
In her arms uplifting them and gripping,
On she plunges, wading to the waist.

"Mother, set us down among the grasses!
Mother, we are hungry!" they now cry;
Watching the bright water as it passes,
There they sit, between the sea and sky.
Higher crawls the sea, with deep intoning,
Passing every flood-mark far or near—
"'Tis the high tide!" cries the mother, moaning,
"Coming only once in many a year!"

Higher! higher! lapping round the island
Flows the water with a sound forlorn.
Those are flowers 'tis snatching from the dry land—
Pale primroses, sweet and newly born.
Smaller grows the isle where they sit sobbing,
Darker grows the day on every side—
Whiter grows the mother, with heart throbbing
Madly, as she marks the fatal tide.

"Children, cling around me! hold me faster!
Kiss me! God is going to take all three.
Say the prayer I taught you—He is Master!
He is Lord, and in his hands lie we!"
Flowers the tide is snatching while it calls so,
Flowers its lean hands never snatched before;
Will it snatch these human flowers also,
Where they cling, sad creatures of the shore?

Nay, for o'er the tide a boat is stealing—
On their names a man's strong voice doth cry.
"God be praised!" the mother crieth, kneeling,
"He hath heard our prayer and help is nigh."
"Father!" cry the children, "this way, father!
Here we are!" aloud cry girl and boy—
Comes the boat—the children round it gather
But the mother smiles and faints for joy.

In his strong arm his pale wife uplifting,
By her side he set the children two;
Through the twilight shoreward they are drifting,
While the pale stars glimmer in the blue.
Round them in the tranquil evening weather
All the scenes seem strange as strange can be;
Waves that wash green fields and knolls of heather,
Lonely trees up-peeping from the sea.

—*Good Words for the Young.*

Jumping to Conclusions.

"THEY'RE going to hang Snap!" said Frisk, my lady's Blenheim, as she stood wagging her tail with great animation on the top of the kitchen-steps, looking out into the yard.

"Well, who'd have thought it?" said Growler. "But I'm not surprised when I reflect; that was what master and the groom were talking about yesterday, no doubt; for they looked at him."

"They're measuring his neck for a rope," said Frisk, scampering off.

"Snap's going to be hanged!" said Growler to Tray.

"Indeed! Well, I thought he looked very low-spirited all day yesterday. I'm not surprised at all. But are you sure?"

"Oh! I fancy he has the rope round his neck already."

"Only think of Snap!" said Tray to Lion, the Newfoundland dog.

"What about him?" said Lion, apparently more inclined to think of something else.

"Going to be hanged; that's all."

"And enough too," said Lion. "When?"

"Oh! I doubt if he isn't hanged already. I fancy the rope was about his neck some time ago."

"Poor fellow! What's it for?"

"I can't exactly tell. The groom's been complaining of him to the master, I believe, from what Mr. Growler says."

"I thought he was a great favorite."

"Ah! but we've all seen a great change lately."

"When did you notice it?"

"I don't know that it was spoken of till this morning; but any one might have seen it long ago."

"I never saw it."

At this moment Snap ran into the yard with a new collar on.

"Hey!" what's this?" said Lion, as Snap trotted from one to another to show his finery; while Frisk looked down from the top of the steps, and whispered rather sheepishly to Growler, "Who'd have thought they were measuring him for a collar?"

A FREEDMEN'S teacher writes of a colored woman, who, having learned her alphabet, said, "Now, I want to learn to spell Jesus; for 'pears like the rest will come easier if I learn to spell the blessed name first." A good many things "come easier" if we learn that name first.

The Puzzle.

For the Myrtle.

In and out, in and out,
The pretty mazes go;
Turned and twisted round about,
Who shall the puzzle know?

Rosy fingers, weaving through,
Bring it straight once more,
Shape the puzzling thread anew,
Mystery as before.

To and fro, to and fro,
The shifting puzzle flies;
But the same sure patterns show
Through each new disguise.

In and out, in and out,
The childrens' lives will run,
All a maze of vexing doubt, —
Puzzles to be done.

Tangled thread and hid design,
Who shall find the clue?
Who shall trace the one true line
Help them start anew?

Trust and patience, little ones,
Light will yet appear;
Through the maze God's pattern runs,
He will make it clear.

H. A. B.

"Where God is."

Said the preacher to the child,
When the boy looked round and smiled,
Raising eager eyes to his —
"I this apple give to thee,
If thou only tell to me,
Tell me truly where God is."

And the boy, whose eager eyes
Had been searching field and skies,
Every sunny nook and spot, —
"Ah! my master, unto you
Will I give these apples two,
If you tell where He is not."

For the Myrtle.

Minnie's First Day at School.

A TRUE STORY.

MINNIE had never been to school, and her mother dreaded to have her begin. Minnie was timid and bashful, and her mother often said, "How the teacher is ever going to get her to read I don't see."

But the morning of the first day of the winter

term came, and Minnie started for school in high spirits, trudging along with her red riding-hood over her head. She thought it was all going to be play and fun, and thought very little what her mother told her about minding the teacher and doing everything she said.

But when school begun, and Minnie had a seat and it grew still and sober within, Minnie began to grow afraid. She knew she could never go out in a class and read to the teacher before all the school, and was sure she would not try to do so.

The teacher asked her name, and she hung her head and put her finger in her mouth. She asked her if she knew her letters and Minnie's lip began to quiver ready to cry. So the teacher passed along and said no more.

By and by the teacher came along with a slate and a pretty picture on it, and laid it in front of Minnie, saying, "Perhaps you would like to mark." Minnie did not thank her, I am sorry to say, but pretty soon she took up the slate and amused herself for a long while trying to make the picture.

That was all she did that forenoon, but in the afternoon the teacher asked Minnie if she did not want to come to her desk and see some pictures. By this time Minnie was so well acquainted that she went very willingly. Among the pretty pictures was one of a cat and her kittens.

"Have you got a cat at home?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, yes," said Minnie, forgetting where she was and speaking up as loud and eagerly as could be, "oh, yes, I've got a cat and she has got five little cats!"

The scholars smiled, but the teacher patted her on the head and said,

"I'm very glad you have. Do you know how to spell cat?"

"C-a-t, cat," spelled Minnie, quickly.

"Why, so you can," said the teacher. "And have you got a cow at home, too?"

"No," said Minnie, "*we* haven't, but Aunt Eliza has two. One is a mooly cow and one isn't. The mooly cow is the best, but she *will* kick!"

Then the children laughed outright, and the teacher laughed too, and so Minnie laughed with them. But the teacher said,

"Quite right; and I suppose you know how to spell cow, too."

So Minnie spelled the word.

"But I don't believe you can spell 'kick,'" said the teacher.

Minnie could not, so the teacher taught her how to spell "kick" and afterwards Minnie printed them all on the slate.

And she went home as full of school as she could be, and told her mother with beaming eyes that she had learned how to spell "kick."

After that, there was no trouble about Minnie's reading.

That was what her mother called, "conquering by love." *H. A. B.*

What Willie's Puppy Did.

Two or three little boys, almost babies, were standing near a man who was whipping his horse to make him draw a very heavy load of coal. One of them called out, in his helpless indignation: "Stop that, Mister! You shan't whip that nice old horsey any more!"

But still the smutty fellow laid on the whip. Another of the children exclaimed: "You better stop that, or I'll whip you real hard with my horsewhip when I'm a man! Stop! else I'll tell my father of you!"

The man laughed till he looked up and saw the third baby-boy sitting down by a stone wall, crying bitterly, and rubbing his eyes with his white blouse. He stopped his cruel work and called out,

"What are you crying for? This isn't your father's horse, little fellow."

"I'm crying 'cause, 'cause, I don't want that nice old horsey hurted. Please don't hurt him any more, and I'll help you push the cart, and Sam and Joe will push, too!"

The man laughed out very loud and said, "Why you could draw the coal yourself! But why don't you like to see the horse whipped?"

"'Cause, 'cause," sobbed out little Willie, "'cause I've got a puppy at home!"

Now there seemed no sense at first thought in this reply of the dear, tender-hearted child; but there was a great deal of good sense in it. What Willie meant was this:

"I own a puppy that I love, and I could not have him whipped nor hurt in any way. And because I love my puppy and am tender of him, I love every other living thing."

The child who is tender of dog, cat, or bird, will never grow up to beat horses. Let children have pets to love and care for.

A Look at Old Things.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 1st, 1872.

Most of my young readers know something of Philadelphia, this large and pleasant city—one of the most attractive in all our land. It was founded by the good Quaker William Penn, who had its streets laid out in squares, like those of old Babylon. For many years after its beginning, it occupied but a small space compared with its extent now. It is growing out farther and farther into the country every year, and there is a plenty of room for it to grow in.

Philadelphia is full of elegant buildings, private and public ones. Its churches, many of them, are magnificent. Its new Masonic Hall will cost a million and a half dollars. The Catholic Cathedral here is one of the grandest on the continent. I would like to write a whole letter about the buildings of the city, had I time. But I wish to speak now of a short visit made to the Rooms of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and of some of the objects of interest shown to me there by the very agreeable librarian, Rev. James Shrigley.

Everything relating to the Penn family is very sacredly preserved and honored by the Pennsylvanians. Here are pictures of quite a number of the Penn family. That of Admiral Penn, William's father, gives us a round and ruddy countenance as of the best natured of men, fond of jokes and good dinners. His son, the founder of Philadelphia, has a strongly marked but genial countenance. He was one of the Christian worthies who have honored human history. His dealings with the Indians was honorable and just. Here is the belt of wampum which they gave to him at the time of the treaty between them under the elm afterwards so noted, at Shackanaxon, in 1672—a treaty "sworn to and never broken." Here are his instructions to his commissioners in the settlement of the colony the year before, and the first Deed of the Indians to him, signed in Indian characters, with the interpretation of them. Here, too, we have the veritable razor and shaving dish of the good man. The dish is of pewter and the Penn family coat of arms is engraved upon it. The key of [illegible]n's bookcase is with these other relics.

I find here the oldest bank-lock I have ever seen. It formerly belonged to the Bank St. George, Genoa, Italy, the birthplace of Columbus. The bank was instituted in 1345. Here, too, is the study chair of Robert Proud, an Englishman, author of the History of Pennsylvania. One choice article belonging to Washington is here—his large secretary, wherein his choice papers were kept; and also a pencil sketch of the Father of his Country, taken by Peale in 1777.

The rooms are hung with interesting paintings, one of the old elm under which the Penn treaty was made, another of the burial place of Gen. Braddock. Many portraits are here, an excellent one of Benjamin West, the great painter, born in Philadelphia; John Hampden, the distinguished English statesman and patriot of whom it was written that he had "a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute;" Hernando Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, and old Red Jacket, or *Sagoxenetha*, an Indian name signifying *keeper awake*. He was born in 1756 and died in western New York in 1832, a rare specimen of the Indian, but destroyed by intemperance, that monster which slays white and red and black men alike. Distinguished generals, commodores, statesmen, scholars are here, silently speaking in faces long since faded and turned to dust. The past is constantly coming up before us whichever way we look. What we now call the present will soon be but a history of the past, and new generations will come to look upon what may remain to remind them of this very present which seems of so much importance to us.

But I cannot enumerate all the objects of interest which are everywhere around me in these rich and spacious rooms. I hope that many of the young readers of the MYRTLE may yet come to see them in this great and beautiful city of Brotherly Love.

J. G. ADAMS.

The Heathen God the Best.

A priest of Siam once asked a missionary, "How long has God tormented bad men in a future state?" The missionary answered, "Forever," and the priest of Siam said, "Our God torments the worst of men only a thousand years; so we will not have your American God in Siam"

If Christians would convert the heathen, they must preach the true God to them,—the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. This Christian missionary told the heathen priest, that the Christian's God would punish men forever, hereafter, that is, without end. It was wrong to say so of that God who "is good unto all and whose tender mercies are over all his works." What answer should the Christian have given the heathen priest? This, from the prophet Jeremiah: "for the Lord will not cast off forever; but though he canse grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his tender mercies." Sam. 3: 31, 32.

It Belongs to God.

God will always have and hold that which belongs to him. No other power has a right to take from him that which is his own property. In the Book of Ecclesiastes, we read of man at his death, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the Spirit shall return to God who gave it." Eccl. xii. 7. We do not learn by these words that the spirit of man is to be cast off from God, to suffer eternally. The body of man belongs to the earth naturally. The spirit of man belongs to God, because as a spirit it came out from him. God will take care of his children. He will correct, he will punish them. But "the Lord will not cast off forever." He will see that his children do not go out of the reach of his paternal hand.

Seasoned with Salt.

A Christian apostle gives this excellent advice. "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." Col. iv. 6. The reason why so much of the talk of men is bad, is, that it is not seasoned aright; it has not the salt of truth and virtue in it. A good parent once said to a child whose bad talk sometimes caused him trouble, "Perhaps you didn't put any salt in it. Season your words with grace, my child. Ask help of God in all you say and do, and your words, spoken in the spirit of Christ, will not fall to the ground. Don't forget to put salt in it, or else it won't taste good."

——A noisy infidel conversing with a circle of ladies was attempting to bring them to join him in denying the existence of God. Meeting with poor success, he gave vent to his feelings of disappointment and vexation by saying,

"I did not imagine that in this house, I *alone* should have the honor of not believing in God."

"You are not *alone*, sir," said the mistress of the mansion. "My horse, my dog, my cat, all share that honor with you; only these poor brutes have the honor not to *boast* of their shame."

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON CXV.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

"Thy will be done."

SCRIPTURE. — Matt. xxvi. 36–46. Mark xiv. 32–42. Luke xxii. 39–46. John xviii. 1.

Question. — To what place did Jesus and the disciples go when they left the Passover table?

Answer. — Matt. xxvi. 36.

NOTE. Gethsemane means garden.

Q. — Where was this garden?"

A. — Luke xxii. 39.

Q. — What did he order his disciples to do while he went into the garden to pray?

A. — Matt. xxvi. 36.

Q. — Which of them did he take with him into the garden?

A. — Matt. xxvi. 37.

Q. — How great did he tell them the trouble of his soul was?

A. — Matt. xxvi. 38.

Q. — What request did he make of them?

A. — Matt. xxvi. 38.

A. — How far did he go from them before he fell down in prayer?

A. — Luke xxii. 41.

Q. — What was his prayer?

A. — Matt. xxvi. 39.

Q. — How severe was the agitation of his soul?

A. — Luke xxii. 44.

Q. — How did his agony affect him bodily?

A. — Luke xxii. 44.

Q. — In what condition did he find his three disciples when he returned after his prayer?

A. — Mark xiv. 37.

Q. — What did he do a second time?

A. — Mark xiv. 39.

Q. — Did the disciples fall asleep again?

A. — Mark xiv. 40.

Q. — What aid did he receive in his struggle?

A. — Luke xxii. 43.

Q. — What cause made the disciples so sleepy?

A. — Luke xxii. 45.

Q. — After Jesus had prayed until he had gained the victory, what did he say to his disciples?

A. — Matt. xxvi. 45.

Q. — Who was drawing near at this time?

A. — Math. xxvi. 46.

Enigma No. 1.

My first had the keys of the Kingdom;
My second to Paradise went;
My third was the brother of Moses;
My fourth for Peter once sent.

My fifth was the seat of Diana;
My sixth was a country of gold;
My seventh a mighty hunter;
My eighth his inheritance sold.

My ninth was a wicked monarch,
Whose seers by Elijah were slain;
My tenth a beautiful maiden,
Who gathered the scattered grain.

My eleventh was Paul's native city;
My twelfth on a gallows was hung;
My whole was a part of the chorus,
The heavenly messengers sung.

Enigma No. 2.

I am composed of 42 letters.
My 2, 9, 3, 12, 32, 16, is a man's name.
My 1, 6, 2, 2, 10, 21, is a girl's name.
My 17, 26, 5, is a color.
My 11, 7, 33, 13, 15, is a woman's name.
My 8, 4, 27, 14, 23, is a part of the year.
My 20, 19, 25, 18, 24, 31, is the name of a town.
My 29, 30, 36, 28, 38, 34, is a girl's name.
My 37, 41, 35, 22, 40, is a noun.
My 39 and 42 are consonants.
My whole is a proverb.

Answers.

DEC. 7. No. 1, Christmas. No. 2, Hannah.

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